

# Oxford Democrat.

No. 8, Vol. 8, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, July 8, 1845.

Old Series, No. 19, Vol. 14.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. BARNES,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. The Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

## POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

### TAUNTON GREEN.

I should like to know if you've ever seen  
The beautiful street called Taunton Green?  
Come, let us ascend Spruce Hill's green side,  
For an easy survey of the prospect wide,  
And take our seat, near the sunset hour,  
Where the spruce trees form a mystic bow;  
Now glance around to survey the scene,  
And the front of the picture is Taunton Green.  
Below, almost at our very feet,  
You see the extent of the broad, green street,  
That seems with its long, brown path to divide  
The thick, dark orchards on either side,  
And mid their branches the roof-trees brown  
Look lovely up from the shaded ground.  
The smooth green fields scarce seem to fall,  
Yet gently slope to the woodlands tall  
On either side, mid whose calm recesses,  
A deep blue pond is laid to rest.  
The light winds scarce into ripples break  
The clear smooth surface of Pleasant Lake,  
That nestles so snug, mid the hills at our right,  
As if it feared to intrude on our sight.  
Before us Mollock's majestic form  
Has boldly breasted the rushing storm,  
For thousands of years. Low woodlands crown  
Its rocky summit, and further down  
A carpet of grass is spread out to meet  
The northern extent of Green Taunton street;  
And cottages nestle upon its side  
Mid embowering trees, as they sought to hide;  
Like the child that believes itself hid from sight  
If its own bright eyes do not see the light.  
And then, at its feet, the Great Boon glides on  
Mid the thick green trees, and the wood-birds song;  
And in the dark shadows the fishes play,  
As thro' forest and meadow it hastens away  
To Moose Pond's shores, where, its errand done  
It quietly rests near the setting sun.  
Moose Pond! It is changed since the red man came  
To its quiet shores in pursuit of game;  
When the Moose came from Mollock's side  
To quench their thirst in the cool fresh tide;  
And the Indian lover's vessel light,  
Shot awfully o'er, thro' the still moon light,  
To meet the glance of the dark-eyed maid  
At some "trying place" in the forest shade.  
The hills around still look in its face,  
And remnants of forests its margin grace,  
But the axe has frightened the Moose away,  
And the sun is now throwing his golden ray  
Where many a casement glimmers gay.  
From the village placed on the eastern side  
See! over the waters a white sail glide;  
Winds slow round the corner of the graceful rock,  
Then into the lake shoots the small white speck.  
But the fair hue fades from Mollock's brow  
The shadows of evening are falling now!  
Mount Washington's form is grown dark and dim,  
The birds are now chanting their evening hymn,  
And bark! 'tis the sound of the viol's notes  
That up from the Green on the light breeze floats,  
And the drum's bass voice, from some distant vale  
Is faintly echoed from hill and dale;  
And many a tale I could tell to thee,  
Of romance, or dark reality,  
That clings around each mound and glen we see.  
Oh, come and see, if you've never seen,  
The beautiful street of Taunton Green.

Taunton Green, Paris, June, '45.

## POPULAR TALES.

### THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER. A STORY OF OLD SALEM.

The annals of the year 1638 will ever present a blot on the historic page of New England, and the veil discloses a lurid of religious intolerance, and a violence of persecution, which darkly stains the character of those who in other respects, merit our highest encomiums.

It was during the height of the popular fury in New England against the Quakers, that the occurrences I am about to relate took place. Before a small, unpainted house in Salem, on a beautiful summer evening, sat an old man and a fair girl, his daughter. Their faces but ill concealed the anxiety of their hearts, and a listener might easily have seen their fearful forebodings were not unfounded.

"Verily," said the old man after a pause in the conversation, during which he had appeared to be engaged in inward prayer. "Verily the hand of the wicked is heavy upon us. Surely it was the fear of the tender mercies of the wicked in this place, that caused my own wife, Rebecca to go down to the grave, ere yet the grasshopper had become a burden, as it has to me. And now, poor William, what will become of him? Twice has he suffered the cruel sentence of an

unrighteous law for visiting you my daughter. I pray God he may not have the temerity to return."

"Amen," with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes, ejaculated the maiden. Her anxious attitude—her clasped hands, all told a tale of deep affection. To William Horsely had her youthful faith been plighted, while yet she was in her native England, and the extent of his affection may be imagined, when it is remembered that twice, as the reader has already been informed, had he been publicly whipped for venturing within the precincts of that town from which he had been banished. The penalty for a third offence was death, and yet in spite of the danger he dared week after week to visit her whom he loved; and her affectionate remonstrances only served to heighten his passion for one who, in her love for others thought not of herself.

Long and anxiously did the father and daughter converse about their future prospects. They could not suppose that, known as they were to be Quakers, they could long remain unmolested; but there was in the breast of each a carefully nourished hope that their perfectly harmless and quiet life might, at least, avert for a time the storm which they felt to be gathering.

But those hopes were vain—as the two arose to retreat to their dwelling from the night air and dew, their attention was arrested by loud voices and the tread of heavy feet. Shortly a party of rough, ill-favored men stopped at the door of their humble house, and freely entering and seating themselves within, began to pass the usual rough jests which the presence of unprotected beauty will always excite in the minds of the brutal and unfeeling.

The visit filled the beautiful Quakeress with undisguised alarm: she was wholly unprotected for her father appeared stupefied by the before unheard of liberties with his property, and said not a word; but by the occasional flash of his eye at some new outrage, it was easy to see that in his younger days, a much smaller injury would have called forth something besides angry looks. The object of their coming was soon made manifest. "The town can't allow you, old fellow," said the leader of the gang, "to cumber this ground any longer. So stir your stumps and be off. If you're here at six o'clock to-morrow morning, by the whiskers of the virgin, you shan't have a roof to cover you."

"I obey," said the old man meekly.

"But as for this little sparrow," continued the ruffian, "if she can fancy me, she should go home and live with me. What say you, my dear?"

"The girl replied by an indignant gesture. "Ah! I know how the wind lies. I've seen that Horsely round her before now; but bark ye, know his fate as well as I do, if he ventures into these parts again. So warn him, for I am on the lookout."

The distress and alarm depicted on the girl's countenance was so evident that the fellow stopped, and after reiterating his injunctions to the old man, the band took a welcome leave.

"The Lord's will be done," said the Quaker after a short pause, "let us obey those who have the power."

A short time was consumed in making preparations for their departure, but ere their arrangement could be completed, the old man was stricken with a burning fever. The unusual excitement had been too much for him, and hastened a disease, the symptoms of which he had felt for two or three days.

For some minutes after the truth broke upon the mind of the daughter, she remained stupefied, not knowing whither to turn. All their Quaker friends (and they had no others) had deserted the place. Her lover, she knew, would fly to her assistance, if he should but be made acquainted with her situation, but his presence would but increase her anxiety; and in any case, she knew not where to seek him.

But her strong mind soon discovered the only course in her almost hopeless situation. The house, she was aware, would be sacked in the morning, and if she was discovered, nothing could save her from public disgrace. Food and medicine, too, must be obtained for her father; and her only way to get it was to leave him, returning at night.

To a little ruined outhouse at some distance from their dwelling, she carried a bed, and having rendered the place as comfortable as possible she carried the old man thither, and having carefully nursed him until morning, she early left him, not without fearful forebodings. Nor were her fears entirely groundless. In the morning the house was ransacked and stripped of everything valuable. But the hovel from its mean appearance, was not visited, and in the ensuing night, having during the day wandered twenty miles for food and medicine, she returned to her father, who although dangerously ill, appeared to be sleeping quietly.

For more than a week the devoted maiden thus watched, by night, the sick bed of her father, and he had already begun to look forward to the time when he should rise from it, and seek with her and one other, whose name she was too modest to breathe, a far-off spot in the wilderness where they might dwell in peace, when one dark night, as she was hastening along the road to the Quaker's bedside, she felt herself clasped around the waist by no very gentle hands and at the same time a voice not altogether unknown to her ears, cried out, "Hillo, my darling sparrow, what now! I thought as much from seeing the track of a pretty foot round the old place, this morning. Going to get what we've left, eh? You slighted me, the other day," continued he, in a louder tone, as she commenced a faint struggle, "and by the bones of my mother, you shall smart for it now!"

Completely exhausted with fatigue and terror, the little Quakeress was dragged along by the man until she was brought to the prison, into which, after some short delay in examining the prisoner, she was thrust, receiving as she went the gratuitous intelligence that every thing was prepared for giving her a public whipping in the morning.

It was not until the key was turned upon the poor girl in the lonely cell, that the full horror of her situation struck her. Shame and disgrace, she felt she could bear when in the way of her duty, but to be publicly whipped—it was too much. Her sensitive nature shrank from the pain and the exposure. The old Quaker too: what would become of him? The forsaken girl fell on her knees, and long and earnestly did she pray for deliverance for herself, and health for her father.

And deliverance was not far off. As she rose from her knees a light tap upon the window arrested her attention. A voice that she well knew pronounced her name. She flew to the spot, and a joyous kiss through the iron bars showed that she well knew who was there.

But her happiness vanished when she thought of their mutual danger. She gently reproached her lover for exposing himself to so great a risk, and earnestly entreated him to leave her to her fate and save himself. But Wm. Horsely would listen to no such counsel. Having heard of his situation he had hastened to their assistance and arriving near the house was witness to the capture of his betrothed. He delayed only long enough to provide himself with some necessary implements, and appeared as we have seen, at the window of the prison; determined to rescue his beloved or perish in the attempt.

Animated by love, he worked with a zeal to which the presence of the lovely Quakeress added not a little. Her aid, also, within, was very valuable, and in two hours their united efforts had removed enough of the bars to enable Wm. to draw her through the opening. It is needless to say that the hopes of the blood thirsty were disappointed; and that the lovers escaped free. They found the old Quaker so far recovered that with great exertions, they were enabled to remove him to a place of comparative safety; about three miles distant, whence, a short time after, they removed to one of the extreme frontier towns in New Hampshire, where the usual consummation to such romances took place; and one of their descendants from whom last summer I obtained the heads of this true story is now living on the banks of the Winnepesaukee. [Daily Mail.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RELIGION OF NATURE.—Some men have doubted whether a true atheist ever existed. They are mistaken. There have been, and are men who believe it to be more accordant to sound reasoning, to attribute all the phenomena of nature to qualities inherent in matter—that it is more philosophically simple to refer these mysteries to incomprehensible to us, to powers inherent in the atoms which compose the material world, than to infer a separate and immaterial agent, overruling and guiding their action—and that it is more accordant to sound induction, to attribute eternal duration to these atoms, than to infer an eternal and immaterial power by whom they were created, by whom they are sustained, and to whose will they are subservient. Such is their "theology of nature"—not that which nature herself inculcates, but that which a false and ignorant philosophy has led them to. Now, we would yield to these philosophers, (so called) that if they can show what they assert, they would be entitled to grave consideration. But they must first prove to demonstration that matter exists, and that without referring to the mind as the judge of this proof—for this would be assuming the existence of the very thing they set out with denying. They are the first to require strict self-evident proof, before their credence will be yielded, and by the position which they themselves have assumed must they stand of fall. Now, what are the facts? How are we acquainted with the existence and beauties of external objects? Through the medium of our senses alone. We know, strictly speaking, nothing but the sensation. But are our sensations material? If they are, it is more than has ever yet been proved, and we are not bound to consider them so. Whether the mind be the result of material organization or not, the senses are qualities of the mind, and not of the body, so far as we know anything about them. They must, then, first prove that matter does exist independent of their sensations, before they can begin to talk of it as the cause of them. This being impossible, the philosophy of the atheist is exploded, and he is left in possession of the sensations alone, which, as they address themselves only to the thoughts, no one has ever seen or heard of them in a material form, we are obliged, from the very nature of things, to consider them as immaterial, and pertaining to mind.

Nature, rightly interpreted, teaches the omnipresence of an invisible and all-wise agency—no less than the Creator himself. As we advance in the walks of science, and the study of external objects, the range of things possible to be known, appears so vast in proportion to our ability to acquire, that we are soon utterly confounded and lost in the immensity around us. These mysteries in nature, the uninformed and unthinking among men never can even suspect; and if, at any time they are found to turn their attention to them, they regard them as things, curious in themselves, but of no particular interest to them. But not so of the existence of the invisible. Agent, who modifies, and directs the operations of nature as they pass around us. Every human creature is naturally and instinctively prone to believe in

some such power. With the unenlightened and barbarous, it is superstition, with the civilized philosopher, it is the religion of nature. With every people, and in every age, the principle is the same. We cannot divest ourselves of the consciousness that there is abroad in nature, a power invisible to us but through its works; yet in those works, and in the design, skill, and beauty so obvious in every part, is this power so unquestionably apparent, as though it stood before us clothed in the attributes of the body. How strange, then, it is, with those whom the pursuit of knowledge has so far misled, that they question the existence of a First and Supremacy Cause!

## THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE OF BRAZIL.

The caoutchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches; then branching, runs up fifteen feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots, of bunches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that, like a cow, when most tapped, they give most milk or sap. As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise we were at hand. The blacks are first lent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay, and a small pick-axe. On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the soft clay is formed into a cup and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving daily about a gill. The tapper continues in that way, tapping, perhaps, fifty trees, when he returns, and with a jar, passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So, by seven o'clock, the blacks come in with their jars, ready for working.—The sap, at this stage, resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is often frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey. Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form held by a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with a soft clay, (in order to slip off the shoe when finished,) holds it over the pan, &c, pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking; and so on with a third and fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats. When finished, the shoes off the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in their work. With a quill and a sharp pointed stick they will produce finely-lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time. After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together, ready for the market. There, peddlers and Jews trade for them with merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export, in which state they are received in the U. States. In the same manner, any shape may be manufactured. Thus, toys are made of clay forms.—After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c, in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in color, and more tough. The number of caoutchouc trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests exist, and they are frequently cut down for fire wood. Although the trees exist in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into the United States from these places. The reason, I suppose, must be the want of that prolificness found in them here. The caoutchouc tree may be worked all the year; but, generally, in the wet season, they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and the milk being watery, requires more to manufacture the same article than in the dry season. [Colonial Magazine.]

## DREADED DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN LIFE.

Securities, one of Napoleon's ablest officers, gives in his Military Memoirs the following sketch of a scene after the battle of Austerlitz: At the moment in which the Russian army was making its retreat painfully, but in good order, on the ice of the lake, the Emperor Napoleon came riding at full speed towards the artillery. "You are losing time!" he cried—"fire upon those masses, they must be engulfed! fire upon the ice!" The order given, remained unexecuted for ten minutes. In vain several officers and myself were placed on the slope of a hill to produce the effect; their balls and mine rooted upon the ice without breaking it up. I then tried the simple method of elevating light howitzers almost perpendicularly, when the fall of the shot produced the desired effect. My method was followed immediately by the adjoining batteries, and in a few moments time we buried 25,000 Russians under the waters of the lake.

## A COUNTRY DANDY, EXERCISINGLY DRESSED.

A country dandy, exercisingly dressed with very dusty boots, frock coat and straw colored kid gloves, stopped the other day in front of our office and bought a two-cent glass of ice cream, at a pea-nut stand, whose proprietor has been enlarging his business in view of our new building. The air with which he paid for his luxury, wiped his straw colored kids, and looked down upon the giggling news-boys, who had gathered round him, said plainly as looks could say—"There! I wonder what New York thinks of that and be darned to it!" [N. Y. Tribune.]

"De Inscription." Ephram, what's good for the rheumatism?"

"Eh! who got 'em, Pomp?"

"Why, me got 'em in de back ob my neck, and all bofe my legs de same time! Quas'em, how dey ake?"

"Well, I tell you first rate antige for them, what'll cure you just as sound as a hog handle if you follow my inscription!"

"What dat, Ephram?"

"If you jist get de brains ob all itren wedge, and de blood ob a mallet, and de leaf fat ob a weedin' hoe, wid half a pint of pigeon's milk and stew 'em together in a hog's horn, lined wid cat's leathers, and take it three times a day, before breakfast, eternally, and a little on the outside every minute, it'll cure you!"

"Eh! nigger, I tried dat!"

PILLAR OBEDIENCE. "How old are ye?" said Major Kipling to a dwarfish young man.

"Twenty."

"I wonder you ain't right down ashamed of being no bigger; you look like a boy of ten."

"All comes of being a dutiful child."

"How so?"

"When I was ten, father put his hand on my head and said 'stop there!' and he then run away. I've never seen him since, and didn't think it right in me to go on growin' without his leave!"

EXTORTIONING. A young minister in a country parish who prided himself on speaking the purest English, told his servant girl to extinguish the candle.

"What's your will, sir?" asked Jenny.

"Put out the candle," said the minister.

A few days after, when he was entertaining some friends at dinner, Jenny asked him if she should extinguish the cat.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES FOX. On one occasion the Duchess of Devonshire applied to Fox for a charade.

"On what subject?" inquired he.

"The happiest of all subjects—myself!" was the laughing reply.

Fox took his pencil, and on the back of a letter, wrote:—

My first is myself in a very short word,  
My second's a plaything,  
And you are my third.—(Pomp.)

EPICURISM. We find the following good thing floating about, like Japhet in search of a paternal guardian!

"Woman wote born, as fate declares,  
To smoothe our lines and our cares;  
And 'tis but just, for by my troth,  
They're very apt to ruffle both!"

The nearest guess we ever knew a man to make, was made by one who tumbled out of a second story window, and when picking up "he rather guessed he wan't wanted there."

SWEETENING FOR THE COFFEES. "Mister, how do you sell sugar to-day?"  
"Only twenty cents the pound, sir."  
"Can't give it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar, and kiss my wife for sweetening. Good day, sir."

"Good day, sir. When you get tired of that kind of sweetening, please call again."

"I will." He called next day.

"Hallo, there, Tommy; my boy, what are you climbing up that ladder for?"

"To see how the thermometer is dad."

"How high is it, my son?"

"Jest above the thirdestory windstee. Hadn't it idea it was so wathin. Ho-o-o-o!"

"Honest industry has brought that giant to the scaffold," said a wag, as he observed a cat-penitent upon the stinging.

An official report made to the Peruvian Government, gives the result of a survey of three islands on the coast of Peru, called the Chinchas, where guano is found. The surveyor estimates that these islands contain about 47,000,000 of tons, which if extracted at the rate of 50,000 tons a year, would last 940 years, and valued at \$50 a ton, would amount to over twenty-three hundred millions of dollars!

A country paper advertised for an apprentice to the "Turning Business." Our Nimrod says he would go; if he wasn't afraid they would set him to turning the grind-stone.

Willis spoke the truth when he said, "Editors are the true pump-handles of charity, always helping people to water, but never thought to be thirsty themselves."

A Lazy Fellow.—The laziest man in New Foundland is John Jingles, who employs a nigger at a dollar a day to sneeze for him.

TERRENNY MATTHEW. A couple went into the office of Alderman Mitchell a few days ago, and were married. Before going out the bridegroom, who had the appearance of a hard working man, laid a small package, done up in a piece of white paper, neatly tied, upon the edge of the desk. After he had gone, the magistrate opened it, and found—two cents! We trust he will not find her a dear bargain, at that.

A map of China made one thousand years before Christ is still in existence.



## FROM TEXAS—IMPORTANT.

The steamship *New York* arrived at New Orleans on the 18th inst. from Galveston, which place she left on Sunday, the 15th inst. President Jones has issued another Proclamation, announcing the result of the negotiations that have been conducted by Capt. Elliot with the Mexican Government.

Capt. Elliot came passenger in the *New York*, perfectly content, it may be presumed, with himself for having produced confusion in Texas as he did in China.

### A PROCLAMATION.

The Executive is now enabled to declare to the people of Texas the actual state of their affairs with respect to Mexico, to the end that they may direct and dispose of them as they shall judge best for the honor and permanent interests of the Republic.

During the course of the last winter it reached the knowledge of the Executive, from various sources of information (unofficial, indeed, but still worthy of attention and credit) that the late and present Government of Mexico were disposed to a peaceful settlement of the difficulties with Texas by the acknowledgement of our Independence, upon the understanding that Texas would maintain her separate existence. No action, however, could be taken upon the subject, because nothing authentic was known until the month of March last, when the Representatives of France and Great Britain near this Government, jointly and formally, renewed the offer of the good offices of those powers with respect to the early and peaceful settlement of this struggle, upon the basis of the acknowledgement of our Independence by that Republic.

It would have been the imperative duty of the Executive at once to reject these offers, if they had been accompanied by conditions of any kind whatever; but with attentive watchfulness in that respect, and great disinclination to entangle alliances of any description, or with any power, he must declare, in a spirit of justice, that no terms or conditions have ever been proposed by the two Governments in question, or either of them, as the consideration of their friendly interposition.

Maturely considering the situation of affairs at that time, the Executive felt that it was incumbent upon him not to reject this opportunity of securing to the people of this country, untrammelled by conditions, a peaceful, honorable and advantageous settlement of their difficulties with Mexico, if they should see fit to adopt that mode of adjustment.

Thus influenced, he accepted the good offices of the two powers, which, with those of the United States, had been previously invoked by Texas, and placed in the hands of their Representatives a statement of conditions preliminary to a treaty of peace, which he declared he should be ready to submit to the people of this country for their decision and action as soon as they were adopted by the Government of Mexico. But he emphatically reminded those functionaries for the special notice of their Government, that he was no more than the agent of the people; that he could neither direct, control nor influence their decision; and that his bounden duty was to carry out their determination, constitutionally ascertained and expressed, be it what it might.

Our Representatives at the courts of France and Great Britain, in addition to the task of strengthening the friendly dispositions of those Governments, was also especially instructed to press upon their attention, that the people of Texas should determine to put an end to the separate existence of the country, the Executive, so far as depended upon his official action, must and would give an immediate and full effect to their will.

The circumstances which preceded and led to an understanding with Mexico, have thus been stated, and the people, speaking through their chosen organs, will now determine as they shall judge right; but in the mean time, and until their pleasure can be lawfully and constitutionally ascertained, it is the duty of the Executive to secure to the nation the exercise of choice between the alternatives of peace with the world and Independence, of Annexation and its contingencies, and he has, therefore, to issue the following proclamation:

WHEREAS, Authentic proof has recently been laid before me, to the effect that the Congress of Mexico has authorized the Government to open negotiations and conclude a treaty with Texas, subject to the examination and approbation of that body; and further, that the Government of Mexico has accepted the conditions prescribed on the part of Texas, is preliminary to a final and definite treaty of peace;

Therefore, I, Anson Jones, President of the Republic of Texas and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and Militia thereof, do hereby make known these circumstances to the citizens of this Republic, until the same can be more fully communicated to the honorable Congress and Convention of the people, for their lawful action, at the period of their assembling on the 16th of June and 4th of July next; and, pending the said action by virtue of the authority in me vested, I do hereby declare and proclaim a cessation of hostilities, by land and by sea, against the citizens and trade thereof.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the Great Seal of the Republic to be hereunto affixed.

Done at Washington this fourth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty five, and of the Independence of the Republic the tenth. ANSON JONES, By the President.

EBEN R. ALLEN, Attorney General and Acting Secretary of State.

The publication of this proclamation created no little excitement in Texas. The particulars of the negotiation or the terms of the treaty did not accompany it.

Among the names of the delegates elected to the Convention we notice those of Col. Love, Judge Hemphill, Col. Mayfield, Judge Limpcomb, Ex-President Houston, Gen. Henderson, &c., all warmly in favor of Annexation. There will be no show of opposition in the Convention.

By the arrival at Galveston from Corpus Christi of the Texan revenue schooner *Alert*, recent intelligence has been received from the Mexican frontier. The regular force along the Rio

Grande had not been materially augmented, but the frontier had been strengthened by arming and drilling the militia. A company of militia, numbering 80 men under the command of Manuel Lella, recently attacked a party of 300 Indians and defeated them killing 40 of their number and dispersing the others. The Mexicans pursued them and slaughtered many more. The People of Corpus Christi, hearing that a Mexican force was hard by, went out to give them battle. The parties met, and after a conference, separated without coming to blows. It was not before coming up with them that the Texans learned that the Mexicans were in pursuit of the Indians.

Gen. Arista is said to be deeply afflicted with the troubles and confusion in Mexico, and it is reported, endeavored a short time since to destroy his life by poison.

Advices had been received from Baxar to the 30th ult. All was peace there. Several Camanche chiefs had visited the city and expressed their gratification that "the blood of their kindred slaughtered a few years since had been washed away from the walls of Baxar by the water of peace."

Capt. Hayey started on the 30th ult. on an expedition to the Piedrales, whence it was inferred at the report that a large body of Mexicans had been stationed on the Nueces is incorrect. He mentioned, just before he left Baxar, that he apprehended no danger from either Indians or Mexicans, so says the Telegraph of the 11th inst.

### LIBERATION OF GOV. DORR.

The Providence Gazette informs us that upon Governor Dorrr's liberation from prison, he was escorted by a great multitude to his paternal mansion, where he was left to the enjoyment of the heartfelt congratulations of a devoted father and mother. At half past 7 o'clock in the evening it was announced that he would proceed from his father's house to that of the Hon. Ezekiah Willard in Cranston, and his friends were desired to meet him on the bridge and proceed with him there. An hour before the appointed time, Market square began to be thronged with people, and when the time of Gov. Dorrr's coming arrived it contained a dense mass of human beings. Gov. Dorrr came down Main street in a carriage, accompanied by two or three of his nearest friends and admirers, preceded by Col. Samuel H. Wales, as chief marshal, and his assistants, and followed by a long line of carriages. When he reached the corner of Market square, a shout of joyfulness went up from the multitude, which continued at intervals until the procession reached Mr. Willard's gate, upwards of a mile. After the arrival there of Mr. Dorrr, and his numerous escort, which took place during heavy discharges of artillery stationed in the neighborhood, Mr. Nathan Porter, in behalf of the assembled multitude gave him a welcome to the world and to his friends in a very feeling and eloquent speech. Cheers were given with the greatest heartiness at different points made by the speaker, and when he concluded, and it was announced that Gov. Dorrr would reply, the air was literally rent with shouting.

Gov. Dorrr, though very feeble, addressed the audience for a few moments in reply to Mr. Porter, and was listened to with breathless attention. He thanked the people for their kindness, and stated that he adhered firmly to his principles—there could be no compromise of them; that however much his enemies might have attempted to trample him under their feet, he believed his head and heart were still in the right place. His words were greeted with an incessant cheering; in fact the very sound of his well known voice seemed to possess a charm which filled all who heard it with the most unbounded enthusiasm.

After Gov. Dorrr retired, Welcome B. Sayles, Esq. was called out and delivered a very happy address. The Gazette adds— "We cannot refrain from here expressing our joy at Gov. Dorrr's discharge, an event which we have bent our whole energies to aid in accomplishing, never we may say, with much confidence or hope. He is free; and though he comes among us shorn of his rights, yet we repeat, he is still free, and thank God for that. The people, who have clung to him in his adversity, and by their devotion and firmness taken him from his dungeon, will see that he is restored to all the benefits which he once enjoyed, and we look forward to their future action in his behalf with perfect assurance of the happiest results. The same power which dragged him from his dungeon will not only bestow upon him all the privileges and immunities now denied him, but they will urge him onward to the most honorable posts in the gift of Americans. Let us begin the work which the enemies of popular will have left us to perform this very day. Even with the dawn of the great result of the late appeal to the ballot boxes, let us lay the corner stone of a future action which shall produce other and still greater results. Gov. Dorrr must not continue a discharged convict!—Let us say he shall not. The same spirit which faces our merciless enemy and struggled with them desperately for liberation, must be appealed to for restoration. Are you ready? If so proceed to organize yourselves at once. Lose not a single moment in burning up our arms for another fight. Let the battle be waged this very day. For one, we have determined not to slumber. We have resolved not to pause till the whole task is accomplished." [Boston Post.]

The Steamer *John Marshall* broke some of her machinery while coming down Boston harbor, on Friday evening last, which obliged her to put back for the purpose of undergoing repairs. Most of her passengers were put on board the *Kennebec*.

The Steamer *Hunteress* broke her shaft while coming down the river on Wednesday last, and is consequently hauled up at Portland for a few days. She will probably get under way again some time next week.—Bath Enquirer.

I Can't. A fig for a man who says "I can't," when requested to lift, shoulder a bag, or write a paragraph. "I can't" is always the language of a drone or a fool. The men for life and activity keep trying, take hold, push on and make their fortunes at once.

## THE MOTIVES OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Calhoun in his letter to Mr. Packenham and Mr. King, boldly avowed that England's opposition to Texas Annexation, and its assumed anti-slavery philanthropy, had other than avowed objects; that British cupidity was at the bottom. In short that "England had designs hostile to this country, and, indeed, striking at the very root of our producing, manufacturing and commercial interests." That political policy, not charity, governed her motives. There were newspapers and citizens of this country, who deprecated the position assumed by this eminent, far-seeing statesman. The apologists of England among us were severe, touching this bold and truthful language. The comments of the newspaper organs of the British Ministry upon Mr. Calhoun's positions, have but recently reached this country, though they were published in Jan. They now come from the correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger who copied them from the papers.—Mr. Calhoun's positions are virtually admitted.

The London Morning Herald says:

"Mr. Calhoun reproaches us with opposing the annexation of Texas, because we wish to destroy slavery, first in Texas then in the United States. We avow it frankly and invite our friends of France to avow it with us. We desire to abolish slavery in the United States from philanthropic and commercial, and still more from political reasons. As long as the United States preserve the monopoly of cotton, they hold the manufacturers of Europe in check and dictate laws to them, and they will preserve the monopoly of cotton as long as they preserve the labour of the blacks. If, on the contrary, England were to prevent annexation, she might at some future day, with India and Texas, (mark, India first and Texas afterwards) ruin the cotton trade of the United States, and in her turn dictate laws to all the manufacturers in the world.

The Standard, a paper in the confidence of the Prime Minister says:

"The Republicans of America seem to be little concerned about slavery; but it must be admitted that without the labour of the blacks, they could not produce cotton, that cotton which plays so important a part in their exports. In just recompense to her disinterestedness, England might soon render the cotton producing labor of the slaves useless, and thus abolish slavery, by transporting the production of cotton, through the aid of free blacks, to another hemisphere."

Philanthropic England! The sovereign of nations, the enslaver of all over whom your unequal laws and bayonets have given you the mastery! First satiate your cupidity by entailing the curse of slavery upon these once colonies, then when what was a dependence becomes a fearful rival, assuming the garb of abolition—pretend that you are against negro slavery, when in fact you are warring for dollars, aiming at manufacturing gain.

The Buffalo Courier well remarks:

"We have here, then, the open confession of the designs and views of Great Britain, and see that under the guise of pretended philanthropy they were levelled precisely as Mr. Calhoun stated, against the agricultural, manufacturing and commercial prosperity of the United States. Madness itself would be undecieved by admissions such as these, and we are grateful to Mr. Peel's organs for having made them."

[Niagara Dem.]

Whatever opinions we may entertain, as to the propriety of dragging the domestic institutions of the South into questions of diplomacy with foreign courts, and whatever may be our opinions in regard to some portions of Mr. Calhoun's foreign correspondence, we are now ready, as we ever have been, to do justice to his great abilities. We are not aware, however, that he was the first to expose the baseness of England in her assumed appearance of philanthropy, in her abolition movements. The Boston Morning Post, and its correspondents, and other papers, among which was the Argus, unmasked the motives of English politicians in this matter long before the correspondence of Mr. Calhoun. It is, indeed, probably true, that Mr. Calhoun was among the first to discover the hypocritical motives of English politicians in their pretended love of universal emancipation, and perhaps to expose them; but if so, it was long before his instructions to Mr. King, or Mr. Shannon.

The English papers, in admitting that the motives of their statesmen, in favoring abolition, was commercial and political, (we should say mercenary) do but admit what every intelligent politician, in both Europe and America, knew before. The government of Great Britain is that of a mercenary, monied aristocracy, as destitute of philanthropy for the negro race or any other race of men upon the face of the earth, as Milton's conclave of devils were for the opposing interests of the hosts of Michael. In all respects, the English Government is entirely selfish. We say it because history proves that it has been so for years past and there is no evidence of a change for the better.

The same infernal policy of that government that dictated the Stamp Act, and the tax upon tea, without the consent of the American colonies, dictated also the plunder of India and the commercial war with China, as well as the negro emancipation in her West India possessions. The only difference is in the pretence avowed. In the first case the opportunity was not quite so favorable for "stealing the liver of heaven to serve the devil in," as the last governing motives, in all, are obviously precisely the same; and they certainly were ably and faithfully exposed (whether judiciously or not) by Mr. Calhoun, in his instructions to Mr. King as they had repeatedly been before. In fact, the policy of the British Government has been so ably discussed and exposed, and is so well understood at home and abroad, that no intelligent statesman, there or here, any longer pretends to doubt or deny it. And it is not using too strong language to say, that this policy is gross, unmitigated selfishness,—which seeks ends regardless of means, and as occasion offers, without scruple, hypocritically employs the syren voice of philanthropy, or the hoarse mutterings of cannon, to accomplish the results she aims at. The squalid millions of her paupers in England and Ireland, and the oceans of blood they have been and are taxed to shed, forbid the preposterous claim of her politicians to philanthropy, in the emancipation of a few hundred thousand comparatively well fed negroes; and leaves the conviction, upon every well informed mind, that they would just as soon return to the slave trade, as continue the policy of abolition, could avarice as readily fill their coffers by it. [Argus.]

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 8, 1845.

### THE ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE RAIL ROAD.

MR. EDITOR.—It may be interesting to your readers to know that the citizens of some portions of Oxford County have recently manifested a commendable zeal, and in the right way too, in behalf of the great enterprise now before the public. On Tuesday, the 1st inst., on a very short notice, a meeting was held at the flourishing village at South Paris, for the purpose of procuring subscriptions for Stock. Similar meetings have also been had at Norway and Bethel. And, although we have not those among us who can invest their ten thousands, the result of these meetings has demonstrated beyond all doubt, that the masses of the people, those who have been enlightened upon the subject, who are usually slow to embark in wild schemes of speculation, have entire confidence in the project. It could not be expected that the people in the interior, composed mostly of agriculturalists, and possessed of but little spare capital, would be able to furnish much money. But their sympathies are decidedly and warmly enlisted in the undertaking. Undoubtedly large subscriptions would have been obtained, had greater exertions been used to obtain them. What has been done is the result of but little effort. We would not, however, do injustice to Messrs. Small and Neal, of Portland, and others of our own fellow-citizens, who attended these meetings, and clearly and ably presented the great features of the enterprise. But the community generally have not been sufficiently enlightened upon the subject. The immense importance involved to the citizens of this County, has hardly been thought, or can be conceived of. Many who have the means, were they sufficiently awake to their own interests, might, and would be glad to lend their aid. There is still an opportunity to subscribe, but the time is short. What is to be done must be done now. If not prepared to take stock, there are other means by which aid can be given. From the facts already elicited, and from the nature of the case, it is evident that if the Road is to be constructed, as it certainly will be, it will be located through this County, and probably through the town of Paris. Now there are those who are unable to furnish money, yet can supply labor and materials. Then again those through whose lands the Road will pass, can well afford to waive the damages for right of way. Many could even afford to pay a handsome bonus. But if this is not to be anticipated, it is expected that a spirit of liberality will be exhibited, and that every reasonable facility, if indeed with some sacrifice, will be given to encourage and carry forward this great work.

If therefore there should be any disappointment in any quarter, which indeed is not believed, that the people of Oxford County have done no more, an opportunity will still be presented, and undoubtedly improved, to promote the object in the manner above suggested. It is to be hoped that every one, whatever his circumstances may be, will do all he can to carry forward this splendid enterprise. There is not an individual in our community, particularly among the laboring classes, who will not be benefited by it. Not only so, the interests of our Towns, County, State, Country and the world are involved in it. And not only our pecuniary interests, but our honor are at stake. Through the indomitable perseverance of the Corporation, a charter, drawn up by their own hands, has been obtained from this State as well as from Canada. Our Provincial neighbors have been assured in strong terms that Maine can and will accomplish her part of the undertaking; and while such considerations have been urged in that quarter, the people of Maine will be slow to forget that they have been taunted and sneered at by the "Big Bugs" of Boston as being poor, destitute of enterprise, that this great matter will end in only "a nine days wonder." Who among us, that possesses a particle of pride, and has the slightest regard for the honor of the State, will refuse under such circumstances, to do all in his power, to preserve that proper self-respect inviolate, and maintain that honor untarnished? No. Our Boston friends will soon find that there is a spirit kindled in this "down-east barren wilderness" little dreamed of in their philosophy. They will soon see that Maine will not only "go ahead," and reap the reward of her enterprise, but that the "City of Notions," though now apparently against their own consent, will have reason to be proud of the efforts of her poor, despised neighbors. For they are beginning to see what they have been dull to learn, that whatever increases the business of Maine will also add to the wealth of Massachusetts. And the best way in which we can meet their sneers and return their kind wishes, will be to build our own railroads, develop the exhaustless resources of our own State, and enjoy the fruits of our own labor, and permit them also to enjoy the incidental advantages which from the law of trade will necessarily accrue to them.

P. S. The whole amount of subscription thus far obtained in this County, so far as has been ascertained, and this principally from the town of Paris, amount to the sum of \$35,000.

## "BRITISH DESIGNS."

During the last Presidential canvass, we frequently admonished our friends that the British government had designs of a nature hostile to the annexation of Texas to this country, and would seek by every means in its power to defeat this object, and strive to affect a commercial arrangement with Texas which would in effect make that country a British province. All this was denied most stoutly by the Journal and other federal papers. The British, those immaculate friends of universal freedom—they had no designs upon Texas! Not they, Innocent men! they only desired to extend the bounds of freedom and compress slavery within more narrow limits.—They were opposed to annexation, it was true, but only from purely benevolent purposes. Our whigs were opposed to annexation for the same benevolent reasons, of course.

But recent developments have proved beyond the possibility of cavil or doubt, that the British have been designing, plotting, intriguing and contriving to defeat annexation for the purpose of obtaining a favorable commercial arrangement between Great Britain and Texas. Yet the whigs are just as much opposed to the measure as ever, and as fully sympathize with the British now that their designs are made apparent, as they did before they were exposed. Such is whiggery and its affinities. [Age.]

## FOREIGN MINISTERS.

It has been frequently complained, that at several of the Continental Courts, the pay of an American Minister is not adequate to meet his appropriate expenses, and the same complaint is common just now, in reference to the Court of St. James.

It is not doubtful, we suppose, that the pay allowed our Ambassadors abroad will not permit them to emulate the display of Ambassadors from the more splendid monarchies; and the question is simply to be determined, whether such display, on our part, is necessary or desirable. If it is, we should provide ample means to enable our Ministers to sustain it. If it is not, our representatives should distinctly understand, and aim to attach the respect of other nations towards our Republic, not so much by pageantry and show, as by simplicity of living, and the exhibition of a Republican taste in manners. We know that there is something to be said on both sides of the question. Among the Romans, the maxim tells us, we must do as the Romans do—and it is quite natural for American Ministers to desire to do all which their associates from other nations are in the habit of doing, in the way of elegance and hospitality. The forms of Foreign Court seems to demand observance from all who visit it, and hence our Ministers frequently, we doubt not spend more than they receive. But after all may not our Government—an exception to European Governments in most other points—be also an exception in this? A little effort for a short period, and it seems to us, that it would grow into a sort of Common Law abroad, that American Ministers should represent, in their modes of living at Foreign Courts, the plainness and simplicity of their own Government. The result, while it would render an increase to their pay unnecessary, would also have the effect to draw favorable attention to our American institutions, exhibiting, as it would, one of their beneficial tendencies. If at home we do not regard mere external trappings, as any index to the worth of him who wears them, neither should we be held to do so abroad. If we are Republicans here, we had better be Republicans everywhere. [Argus.]

## GENERAL HOUSTON.

The New Orleans Bee States that Gen. Houston, Ex-President of Texas, addressed the people of that city in a public speech on the evening of the 25th of May, "on the all-absorbing topic of Annexation and other matters pertaining to the country of the Single Star." He discussed of the Texan revolution—rebutting the idea that it had its origin in any other than the most patriotic feeling; he also adverted to his own administration of Texan affairs. "The Bee says—

"Annexation—the subject for which all extra were eager—was the concluding theme of the General. He commenced by stating that in 1836 he voted for the measure, when it was before the people,—that the first act of his administration, (being the first constitutional President)—was to dispatch an agent to this government, followed shortly by another with extraordinary powers, conveying the wishes of the people, and empowered to open negotiations on the subject.—Their reception and treatment was somewhat cool and cavalier, and they returned to Texas without obtaining any satisfaction. Another appeal was, with similar results—the impression going abroad, that nine-tenths of the Texans were annexationists. Then policy dictated a reserved course, and he thought a little innocent trickery would benefit the cause and help on the measure to a final settlement. He had often heard that when a lover had been kept in abeyance by his mistress for some time, unable to obtain a "yes" or "no," some sudden holding off a violent praise of some neighbor beauty, would scarcely fail to elicit an answer. Prompted by this idea its efficacy was immediately put to test. Friendly intercourse was courted with other powers, and aware of the mutual jealousy existing between our country and that of England, her hand was first solicited as a partner in the dance, which she readily granted; but familiarity was never such in the gallopade as to unglove with her. The bait was taken, and she who always dearly loved us—sinking affected reserve—made a direct proposal. If he had voted for annexation—to have negotiated for it—to have courted it—and to have even conquetted for it be opposition, then he supposed he was what he has sometimes been terminated on that head.

With regard to public sentiment on the subject in Texas, nearly every man was of one mind.—He had been at many meetings and a negative voice was a rare thing when annexation was put.



Rumford Corner, J. H. Wardwell; Wilton, J. F. W. Wardwell; E. Wilton; J. & E. Benney; Augusta, E. Fuller. — 1871



**SIMEON CUMMINGS,**  
AGENT for Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Paris-Hill. 6m June 19